

SONNET XLVI I I.



URDER ! O murder! " I can cry
no longer,

" Murder ! O murder! " Is there none
to aid me ? Life feeble Is in force.
Death is much stronger.

Then let me die that shame may not
upbraid me, Nothing is left me now, but
shame or death ! I fear She feareth not
foul murder's guilt 1 Nor do I fear to
lose a servile breath.

I know my blood was given to be spilt,
What is this life, but maze of countless
strays ?

The enemy of true felicity ! Fitly
compared to dreams ! to flowers ! to
plays '

O life ! no life to me, but
misery ! Of shame or death (if
thou must one ?), Make choice of
death ! and both are gone.



SONNET XLI X.

Y CRUEL fortunes, clouded with a frown,
Lurk in the bosom of eternal night;
My climbing thoughts are basely hauled down !
My best devices prove but after-sight.
Poor outcast of the world's exiled room,
I live in wilderness of deep lament: No
hope reserved me, but a hopeless tomb,
When fruitless life and fruitful woes are
spent, Shall PHOEBUS hinder little stars to
shine,

Or lofty cedar, mushrooms leave to grow ?
Sure, mighty men at little ones repine,

The rich is to the poor a common foe.
FIDESEA, seeing how the world doth go,
Joineth with Fortune, in my overthrow.